

passed, aged thirteen, into the hands of the Rev. Samuel Dickenson, Rector of Plymhill, who testifies: 'During the period (two years) that Dr. Beddoes was under my care, his mind was so intent upon literary pursuits, chiefly the attainment of classical learning, that I do not recollect his having devoted a single day, or even an hour, to diversions or frivolous amusements of any kind. His vacant hours were generally employed in reading Reviews/ Either the Rev. Dickenson did not know all, or did not choose to say it; for it appears that the young Beddoes was not quite such a dazzling white as he is here painted. He had acquired one passion—whist; so violent, that he might have encountered Mrs. Battle with a mutual fervour. Indeed, he looked forward to being grown up mainly for the prospect of being able to play whist all day long. But perhaps the Rev. Dickenson himself did not count that noble game as a 'diversion or frivolous amusement'. At all events, at Pembroke, Oxford, whither Beddoes next proceeded at sixteen, he was thought as good a player as any in England, and could recapitulate at the end of a game when and by whom each card had been played. He also shot. But all this did not prevent him from mastering first Classics, then Modern Languages (which he taught himself), then Natural Science. Even from his shooting expeditions he returned loaded, if not

with game, with mineralogical specimens. It
is needless
to add that as an undergraduate 'he still
preserved the
same equanimity which had characterised his
earlier years,
and although exposed to the contagion of
intemperate
and licentious example, his moral conduct
was believed
to be irreproachable'.

After taking his medical degree, he
became Chemical
Lecturer at Oxford, drawing, it is said, such
multitudes as
the University had not seen since the
thirteenth century.